

M.S.A. ANNUAL · 1941







# 41 Annual



MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL OF ART



# FOREWORD

AT the Commencement period of last year it would have been considered fantastic even to suggest that members of the class of 1940 would, at this time, be serving in the Air Corps, the Army, or as draftsmen in a defense program. It is now a reality, and American youth, no longer doubting the peril of military dictatorship and its threat to democracy and our system of social and political organization, responds with clear thinking and an adequate appraisal.

As crucial problems arise with unparalleled rapidity, and old forms are bombed and burned to the very ground from which they sprang, the artist-designer of today accepts the twofold challenge of recording the event and looking to the future with its new concepts of society. New problems, with special emphasis on the functional, must be solved.

It is reasonable to assume that changes will come in the standard of living. This will reflect in the new architecture, which will be created to serve better the family and the community. In designing the objects of daily use, consideration will be given to the economical, durable, and convenient qualities.

Fortified with a sound knowledge of social needs, and an understanding that membership in a democratic society has its responsibilities as well as its privileges, the creative person can join with others in the struggle to retain and perpetuate the finer aspects of life.

GORDON L. REYNOLDS



# DEDICATION

To the gentlemanly manner and wisdom of Wilbur Dean Hamilton, to the profound wit and insight of Ernest Lee Major, to the inseparability of them both, and the bounteous spirit of each as scholar, teacher, and man, we affectionately and gratefully dedicate this book.







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# LITERARY

Once upon a time we set out to climb mountains. Words were our staves and our strength. If we could not scale precipitous Inspiration, we did find foothold in the clefts of less formidable Imagination.

From this peak we stood star-gazing to hear the voice of Poesy. From these Lycean heights we saw the earth before the count of centuries had yet begun and listened to the tale of three strange sisters. Then on the wings of whimsy we left sublimity for lesser heights, for levity, a mule, a magic coffee bean. And here are other sights and sounds, culled from reflective jaunts along the paths of Prose and Poesy, "For words are but the images of thoughts refined."

RUTH DOHERTY



## THE PARABLE OF THE THREE SISTERS

This legend has its beginning back through time, before centuries were counted and the earth divided into countries. The people existing in this world knew no Bible and had no creed except that of their belief in gods. The language they spoke and the place wherein they lived bore no name.

Into this land came three sisters. They were strangers to the people, and there was much wonderment about them. They looked young, yet no one of them seemed older than the other. There was a strange beauty to be seen in their faces, for each sister had her own loveliness.

They settled in a small house among the hills of the land and appeared often to visit the townspeople. Time passed and the folk still knew nothing of whence they came or who they were, but gradually all the people in the village accepted their presence and welcomed their friendship. They grew old slowly, so slowly that as seasons passed the people began to wonder about them again.

Then suddenly everything was dwarfed by a cataclysmic force that struck the earth with the wrath of the gods. A strange illness befell the town, and among those stricken were the three sisters. The women of the village nursed them well; and, after many moons had risen as they hovered on the precipice of life and death, one by one they recovered.

But the people were horrified to discover that the sisters had been

left with a terrible aftermath of their ordeal of suffering, and in the strangest of ways. The first of them had been struck blind and mute; the second, deaf and dumb; and the third, blind and deaf. It seemed incredible to the people that each of them had been bereft of two of their senses and left each with a different one. And as the sisters, somehow wise and holy, rose from their sickbeds, an awesome bewilderment filled the minds of each person.

Soon stranger things began to happen in the house wherein they dwelt. The first sister, who could not see or speak, but only hear, began to commune to the others in unusual intonations the sounds that came to her ears. The world to her now was just vibration and tone, no more, but everything she had seen before translated itself into wondrous sonority that became the voice of living.

The second sister, who could not speak or hear, but only see, perceived everything in a new and wonderful light. Having no voice to tell of it, or ear to hear its sound, she dared to depict what she saw in line and form and color. Not content with what lay directly before her eyes, she drew inward to her mind and brought forth unforgotten scenes and experiences and gave them new meaning.

The third sister, who could not see or hear, but only speak, found herself in a darkened world of the mind. But there descended upon her a light in the darkness, whereby she remembered and thought upon all she had ever seen and heard. To her came a marvelous gift of divining the dreams, loves, joys and sorrows of people known and imagined.



She wove humanity's thoughts and emotions into words, and spoke them with her tongue.

When the people heard of the miracle of the three sisters they disbelieved. It was fantastic to hear bewitching sounds flow from reeds by the river, to see color on the flat leaves and connected lines upon the walls, and to listen to tales of people who did not exist, of things that had not happened, or places never seen. But soon even the most incredulous came to marvel at these three and their magic. Word traveled quickly by mouth, and many people from nearby lands came to witness the sight.

Thus it was that even the gods in the heaven above came to know of this earthly miracle and sent a messenger to search out the truth, for they were amazed and delighted with these mortals who had discovered some wondrous secret out of their suffering. Thereupon the king of the gods descended to earth to visit the three sisters. When he saw that they were holy and wise, he decreed that they should become immortal and walk the earth forever, choosing to divulge their secret to those few mortals created to receive them.

And he named the first sister Music.

And he named the second sister Art.

And the third sister was called Literature.

DOROTHY ISAACS

## WHITHER AMERICAN ART?

Yesterday Americans fled to Paris to be injected with the "spirit of art." Their famous Latin Quarter reeked with second-rate Frenchmen and Americans alike, who donned conspicuous bow ties, assumed a blase attitude, and then named themselves artists. Instead of sifting out only the good and authentic offered by recognized artists at that time, Americans, permeated with Parisienne perfume, returned to America with only borrowed mannerisms.

Today, in this year nineteen hundred forty-one, because of the constantly changing conditions abroad, Americans must remain at home. Necessity affords here a compelling opportunity to create an art that is truly American.

So far as we are informed, art in Europe lies dormant. Masterpieces of painting, prose, and architecture have been destroyed. Because of the assumption that only Europe was capable of producing fine art, the interim in its progress gives America its occasion for contributing to the world stream of art by developing its natural abundance of esthetic material.

Art depicts America not only in its landscapes—western farms, Southern colonial houses, or California peach-trees, which have been the cliches of American art—but in its democratic functions. As democracy is the expression of free people, so art in a democracy expresses their forces, environments, and situations. In this political, social, and educational upheaval, everyone must cooperate to construct a social order democratic in the operating of its ideals.

IRENE ANDELMAN



## NOTRE VIEUX

In the dim light of late afternoon, the warm glow from Beth Israel vies with a brilliant spotlight and, as if in defiance, a familiar chant fills the room: "Rise, shine, give God his glory, glory." Thus begins the awakening of the mentally dormant, as the grand old man transforms somnolence into alertness with a variety of inimitable gestures and bombastic explosions.

Mercilessly our transgressions are unveiled before all. The shy and retiring, as well as the fearless, learn to weather the tempest of disapproval, the shock of unexpected approbation, or a silence as ominous as it is gratifying. A man-to-man talk invites clarity at times, more often quandary, but not without humor, for the room fills with laughter as words twist glibly to meet each personal situation, and the arts are explained by correlation.

Here Gilbert and Sullivan may find appreciation in company with Charlie McCarthy and the Marx Brothers. Or in a different mood, for "Notre Vieux" is at all times attuned to the mood of his class, there is the moment for poetry:

" 'Twas a midnight charm  
Impossible to melt as iced stream:  
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam:  
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies."

A period of meditation broken by, "Turn a cartwheel and stand on



your head," or in stentorian tones, "What was I saying before I so rudely interrupted myself?" But if those brave souls who invade the sanctum sanctorum need the courage of Theseus or the magic word of Gawaine the dragon slayer, there is recompense. Years of experience, vast stores of knowledge,—these the initiate of the spotlight, the lavender gauze, and the rich brocades may take for themselves as largess. There are little tips about using one's imagination intelligently, nuances of color in musical terms, and looking for beauty of shapes and values. We learn that the work must be "professional," for "a good painting is finished from the start," and as, with "fasting and prayer," each student works beyond his power to excel the beauty and the brilliance, he knows that it must be "amusing." Days, weeks, months, later, a seemingly offside remark becomes a thing of substance, something to build on as we perceive the meaning.

"Go to it, Sal, I'll hold your bonnet," or "Whoop it up! Whoop it up!" startles us out of our lethargy. Then, "make it, make the shapes." And again, as though inspired, "Why do you suppose an oasis is so beautiful? Isn't it because it is surrounded by a desert?" Or else a touch on the arm and he says, "Step back here . . . ." Motioning toward your drawing, "Did you ever see such a gorgeous thing, so transcendently beautiful? In the nature, I mean."

We've all been told that "you can't get something for nothing," and that "no man can serve two masters." These and a hundred others mean "Notre Vieux" to us.

FLORENCE WHITMORE

YEMA

Hadar was miserable. You would have been miserable, too, if you had been in Hadar's place. True, it was cool in the shade of the huge date palm, but Hadar was hot inside—hot and bitter as the coffee bean in his mouth, which he shifted to make room for a sigh, a woeful sigh.

Yema was only a mule, so he could not understand. The cool shade of the date palm filled his mulish heart with happiness, happiness as sweet as the tender grass blade in his mouth, which he shifted to make room for a sigh, a blissful sigh.

And though it's very sad to relate, Yema was the cause of Hadar's misery. With the setting of the sun behind the mountain of Irak would come exciting preparations for the journey of the morrow. The Ameer Mundhir ibn Mundhir had decreed a festival at Hijaz, and everyone was going. That is, everyone but Hadar. Hadar had no horse. He had only Yema. Only by hard and fast riding on their beautiful Arabian steeds could the tribe of Nabajoth, to which Hadar belonged, hope to make Hijaz for the festival. Hadar sighed again and bit viciously on his coffee bean.

A wonderful thing happened. A very marvelous, superextraordinary thing. You won't believe it! Right before Hadar's very eyes appeared a strange little brown man, who salaamed gracefully until his turban toppled.

"Who are you?" asked Hadar, in a quivery, quakery voice.

"I am the jinni of the coffee bean," answered the little brown man.

"What is your wish, my master?"

Hadar was very much astonished, though you never would have guessed it. He looked just as though a coffee bean jinni was no novelty to him.

"I wish to go to the festival at Hijaz on a beautiful white horse."

You never will believe this. I can't believe it, and I was there. (Oh, hidden, of course, behind a gum tree.) Yema began to grow whiter and whiter. At first Hadar thought he must have eaten too much of the sweet grass, but then his tail began to grow. A long and beautiful tail it was, and quite an improvement, too.

Strangest of all, Hadar gasped to see, right there on Yema's shoulders were two little wings. They looked suspiciously like ostrich feathers, but Hadar didn't mind. He liked ostriches well enough.

As for the strange little man, he was gone. Hadar removed the coffee bean from his mouth and polished it. Then he put it in his upper left-hand inside pocket and mounted his beautiful horse. With a happy shout they were off. Yema's nose pointed straight to Hijaz. And Hadar's hand lovingly clutched his upper left-hand inside pocket. He was a very happy boy. And Yema was a very blissful ex-mule.

RUTH K. DOHERTY

???

I wonder  
As I'm torn asunder  
By this and that  
And under  
The spell of all this talk  
Of art and education,  
If someone hasn't made  
A blunder  
In letting me study  
Here—  
I wonder.

GERTRUDE MAXIM

## DON'T BELIEVE IT

I turn out paintings day by day  
Whose value one must doubt;  
But if they have one spot that's good,  
A frame will bring it out.

Included in my repertoire  
Is many a clever notion.  
But who cares *that* for craftsmanship  
So long's I have emotion!

Oh color subtleties, beware!  
From cadmiums to umber,  
My major joy I find in you,  
All swathed in a penumbra.

Some day I'll teach a lot of kids  
And cheer if they're excessive.  
I'll let them paint just any way  
And make the trend progressive.

I'll wrap a turban 'round my head  
And draw birds' wings with chalk,  
And with dynamic symmetry  
I'll show folks how to walk.

Now instrumental in my art  
Will always be this thought:  
That I have learned in four years' time  
To draw a freehand dot.

Goodbye, Mass. Art, adieu, adieu;  
We join the worldly mobs.  
We'll all be happy pretty soon,  
But first, please find us jobs.

ARTHUR COPPLESTONE

## 500th ANNIVERSARY OF PRINTING

As I crossed the lobby of the Hotel Statler and made my way up the stairs, Mr. Palmstrom's compelling words still echoed in my ears: "This is a really great event; *none* of you can afford to miss it."

He was referring to the exhibit occasioned by the five hundredth anniversary of Gutenberg's development of movable types, and as I followed the arrows which led me to the Georgian Room, I felt a tremor of anticipation.

I strode through the entrance and headed for the far wall, for there is something contrary in my nature which makes me want to look at exhibits backwards—just as some people must peek at the last page of a book before they can proceed to enjoy the story.

But I hadn't reckoned with that most celebrated of printed books, the "Gutenberg Bible." A rare replica, it rested on a small table and compelled every passerby with all the authority and effectiveness of a red light to stop and look. This first important printed book resulted only after Gutenberg had spent almost twenty years in patiently making improvements on early experiments with movable type.

What satisfaction in seeing his invention spread throughout a hungry, awakened Europe—setting powerful new forces in motion! Because of his genius we have books, newspapers, and magazines; we are educated, inspired, and entertained.

With a lingering, almost reverent look, I left the "Gutenberg Bible" and found myself standing before a model of the Stephen Daye

press, the first press used in Colonial America. The attendant graciously answered my many questions, operating the press and explaining the differences in hand-operated and modern press methods.

Here also were early American and modern newspapers. I was a little startled to learn that such a familiar paper as our own *Boston Traveler* has been in existence for more than a century. I blinked at musty yellow pages and smiled a little wryly at electrifying war lines, screeching predictions of disaster half way down the page. As I read various new items, captivated by their "antiquity," I began to understand how these very papers had contributed to the molding of human thought and the recording of man's achievements for over a century. The power of the printed word!

Looking about, I was enveloped and overwhelmed by print. Representatives of Advertising, Printing and Publishing beckoned to me, crying out for further inquiry and study. I became aware of color processes and the many types of engraving. I was conscious of myriad type faces and awed by the effects produced by metallic inks and coated papers.

There were a million questions on my lips, but I had learned that "artist" means designer and typographer as well as painter and illustrator, and that the field of advertising and printing offers a stimulating challenge, demands the best in craftsmanship and beauty, in versatility and creative talents, as well as an understanding of the practical side of selling and an appreciation of the mechanical limitations of reproduction.

ANN CHIAVARO

## SNOWFLAKES' DIRGE

They sifted noiselessly against my pane,  
These flakes of alabaster, frozen rain;  
And I refused admission, knowing what  
They did not know—within, 'twas death they sought.  
For I could offer nothing more than this:  
Disintegration following the kiss  
That I'd bestow upon one fragile drift,  
Then weep to find there nothing left  
But wetness—cool, sweet-tasting, tiny sips  
Of frozen nectar, chilled upon my lips.  
So go! Away! Don't beg for what is sure  
To be your end. The air outside is pure  
And cold, but here within is stifling heat.

Oh, that your world were mine! My senses beat!  
Oh, to exchange this suffocating jail  
Of human flesh, this overhanging veil  
Of heavy matter in a burdened mind  
For your aerial sphere, your weightless kind  
Of form that is not yet a form, but mere  
Momentous image; or perhaps a tear  
From God for any of our many shames;  
Maybe His silent epitaph to names  
Of heroes gone unsung.

And still you press  
Your faces on my window, hopeful lest  
I weaken and admit you; but in firm  
Refusal, standing still, I watch you, spurned,  
Glide down in quiet sorrow, still with muted sound,  
To rest within the snowflakes' burying-ground.

MIRIAM KRASOW





## AT LONG LAST . . . . RECOGNITION

In November, 1940, the dark shadow of precedent was shattered and Massachusetts Art entered a display booth at the annual Book Fair sponsored by the *Herald-Traveler* at the Boston Garden.



Armed to the teeth with hammers, saws, and first-aid kits, the Junior Designers, weaker sex included, erected a structure designed by the versatile Mr. Dunn of the Bauhaus. When the sawdust of battle had cleared, the builders stood back and gazed at the framework they had constructed and then they shifted their scrutiny towards their slightly bewildered Senior Design confreres and blandly stated, "This is where we came in."

So the Senior Designers, Mr. Palmstrom presiding, gathered up their brushes and paints and took up the task. Dismay was prevalent when it was found necessary to assume postures hardly encountered in the course of ordinary homework, but someone said, "Good experience!" so the advice was accepted and work begun.

With the approach of the inevitable deadline it was found necessary to call in extra hands. Our president, Mr. Reynolds, the faculty in charge, and the school engineer all contributed a loss of sleep and the exhibit was set up in all its glory, though something of a lesser word could be applied to the site which had been appropriated to the display. Because of an oversight, or whatever such occurrences are called, our booth was set up outside the main hall, an unfortunate circumstance, for in merit the display was second to none.

And—oh, yes—they who were present to dismantle the exhibit on the final night received proper reward for their labor, for the dissembled display was temporarily stored in the stall which was to be occupied by Gene Autry's horse the forthcoming week.

ARTHUR SELLER



## EXHIBITIONS OF THE SEASON—A REFLECTION

last year Picasso came to town and, in consequence, Boston knew how Paul Revere must have felt when he heard the British shuffling in. Anyway, there were very few reports of fainting dowagers or psychopathic maladies among colleagues, and Massachusetts School of Art people, encouraged by an exuberant Miss Munsterberg, or goaded by a growling Mr. Major, crept into the Museum of Fine Arts and gaped. Many were enlightened, some were scandalized, none was corrupted. Ourselves, we struggled through what we hope has only jokingly been called a classic period, and were finally rewarded by "Guernica." Picasso's departure was less warm with éclat than his arrival; the Custom House is still erect.

This year, in the svelte new rooms of the Institute of Modern Art on Beacon Street, we met Mr. Rouault, who vies with Picasso for honors in artistic radicalism. We liked his glowing melancholy color. He is noted mainly for heads of Christ and uniquely conceived clowns. We were disappointed in the sameness of his works, a sameness which prevailed even in subject matter to the point of monotony. He is the chap who paints like stained glass, but to our knowledge "Connick's" hasn't complained as yet.

By this time one must have thought the Guild of Boston Artists would barricade their sidewalk, but they held aloof and presented an almost refreshing show of oils by Charles Curtis Allen, who has de-

veloped a new looser handling in his Vermontscapes, approximating a happy medium between the usual Guild theme and any Aldro Hibbard.

Among other things came water colors by John Whorf and portraits in oil by the late Robert Henri, the former at Grace Horne, the latter at Vose. Henri, richly bewildering in color and facility, captivated us, as always. We are still waiting hopefully for John Whorf to say something a la J. Whorf.

Important among exhibits of the season was the sculpture of American-made, Swedish-born Carl Milles, at the Institute. The shy Scandinavian is the author of fauns, myth-gods, and naiads. We found Milles strong, solid, quite lyrical, if a little cold. He can be poetic even when modeling fish which lack only twin-screw propellers.

M.S.A. turned out to hear, see, and otherwise experience "Fantasia." Disney's most serious attempt to date was tragic in its degradation of Beethoven to centaurettes, highly successful in its interpretation of Tchaikowsky. Disney, I hope, will continue experiments using music more adaptable to the visual (Scheherazade, for instance), and leave such pure abstractionists as Bach and Beethoven to survive of their own genius. Stokowski will always get by as a Hollywood matinee idol; Deems Taylor and the sound track were highly intelligent.

ABBOTT GOMBERG

## DEMOCRACY AND EDUCATION

Out of the whirlwind of destruction comes a voice calling the salvation of the world, "Democracy." We, as Americans, have suddenly become aware of our uniqueness among the host of nations on the globe. Our rights and privileges have come to the fore: freedom of speech, religion and the press. Freedom in education and the arts have suddenly impressed themselves on our consciousness. We suddenly wonder how we are to preserve these rights, how we are to direct our energies and talents in order that they may exist safely in a world gone mad with cruelty, greed, and suppression. Our system of government is not dated. It was made to withstand the test of time and it has done it nobly where other democratic systems have failed.

What of the individuals in our government? Are they prepared to protect their inalienable privileges? They are, we know. Education has played a vital part in this preparedness, but its job is not done. It is through education that hope for democracy remains bright. In a dictatorship, national ideologies have determined the pattern of education; the subjugation of the individual has been the result. Here, where education guarantees the individual and his rights, we have no such problem. Our ideal, then, is to perpetuate democracy through education.

In the field of art education the possibilities are vast, for the individual is given opportunity to develop in a fuller, richer way. Children develop into tolerant, cooperative, creative members of society through

a progressive art program. What more profound contribution can be made to the America of the future?

The days of the pioneers are not over, as many think. New roads and byways are opening up. The vast changes being wrought by the present warfare will call for complete reorganization on the part of the democratic nations. Only through education can we hope to undertake this herculean responsibility of reconstruction.

ROBERT FILBIN

#### AWAKENING

Had I but thought the morning sun could wake  
My weary soul to happiness again—  
A pale bloom's tilted face my fetters shake,  
A quivering brook indented by the rain—  
I never would have shrugged and turned away  
To labor in the blackness of my den;  
I never would have bolted out the day  
And blindly groped with wretched-hearted men;  
Nor all my brighter hours surrendered soon,  
In custody of disillusionment;  
Nor so unwittingly submit my boon,  
Thus chained to earth by homely task and bent;  
For now I rise on fettered arms to mark  
The nimble beauty of a meadow lark.

MARIAN SOSZYNSKA





# DRAWING AND PAINTING

In our Drawing and Painting haunts at the north end of the building, we have aggregated individual aptitudes and interests, even as we maintained our personalities to afford a happy, creative atmosphere. This year the department has been rejuvenated with four hitherto "foreign" courses. In addition to the week-long mornings of life painting, we work knowingly with tempera and fresco. Our nights are filled with problems of air brush and splatterings of lettering combined with compositions and illustrations, experiments with color, etchings, and blocks; but we are most intimate with the "fine arts," pastels, oils, and water colors. We are strong in the belief that ours is a firm foundation.

FLORENCE WHITMORE  
RUTH DOHERTY







# DRAWING AND PAINTING

LIKE newly minted coins, we fondle happy memories of all the yesterdays. In autumn there was the procession of green, effervescing with quaint ideas; in June the procession of sombre black and flaunting blue in a paradoxical mixture of joy and sadness. There were zestful afternoons of etching when the keen miracle of black on white took hold; Mondays of joyful rejuvenation and Fridays with dirge of broken hopes. There was the allspice of the class and the tang of distinct flavors: Charlie painting furiously long after the model had gone, Dick's intense quietness, and Put's never-tiring puppet walk.

Books, conversations, Pops, museums, galleries, made up the broad repeating pattern against the individual moments of elation. We enjoyed en masse the Disney creation; in threes, the French productions—and we all agreed on “The Baker's Wife.” Tolstoi, Chesterton, Thoreau, spoke to us in our separate hermitages, enchanting us away from the dross of the mart.

We all tried, but more often than not we had the maddening feeling of making holes in water. Now the pattern is changing into a dual repeat of thesis and job. Even the carefree have adopted an attitude of serious absorption, for when we trickle out into an indifferent society, there will be few to pay heed to puerilities.

These were all of our days and years.

VINCENT PORTA

# DRAWING AND PAINTING

JOHN HATCH





CHARLES KERINS



AMERICO DIFRANZA



THEODORE GIAVIS

PERCY VAN DYKE





# General Design

The world of today offers an increasing scope of activity in the fields of advertising and industrial design. In order to keep pace with contending manufacturers, producers find it necessary to redesign an entire line of articles to present a product that is functionally perfect and artistically attractive. In similar fashion, advertising has reached its zenith and is being planned to appeal to a higher intellectual level than previously; new ideas and methods and materials are supplanting hackneyed forms so prevalent in the past. The design course has been planned to provide the necessary basis in all art forms—followed by a comprehensive study of actual professional requirements, both modern and conservative, to provide for a well-rounded practical and idealistic education.

ARTHUR SELLER

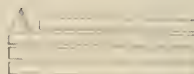


IT BEGAN HERE



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MASSACHUSETTS

PEAKS



ERNEST  
MANDEVILLE

The Massachusetts

10¢



EDWARD  
FLATLEY

Volu

BACK BAY TRAVELOGUE



# GENERAL DESIGN

TRYING to write the historical data of our class with clever injections now and then, in only 216 words, is not exactly a lilliputian task. The half-forgotten beginning was the same—we were all decorously bedecked in fresh green smocks with no more knowledge of picas or Ben Day tints than if they were tropical diseases. But the bright light came when we saw lettering in every sign, and design and layout in every ad. We have sprouted heterogeneously in our four swift years of hectic progress. And now, today, we know a score of type faces at sight and have seen the mechanics behind industry.

We work frantically with our goal in view, hoping to glean last-minute Hows and Whys of practice and procedure, forever exchanging theories and methods. We suddenly emerge from days of doldrums and fevered brows with amazing accomplishments in the traditional forms of billboards, magazine layouts, booklets, and packages. We are constantly possessed with brilliant ideas, invariably spiked with corn and its affiliates. We've climbed billboards to see "how it's done"; we've spent tireless hours at exhibits, discovering new outlooks and fresh approaches. We've become broadened to the extent that our interests have suddenly been epitomized in a field of reckless specialization.

And now it is June, and not unlike the little "Disneyan" Pegasus, we're ready to try our wings.

MARIAN SOSZYNSKA

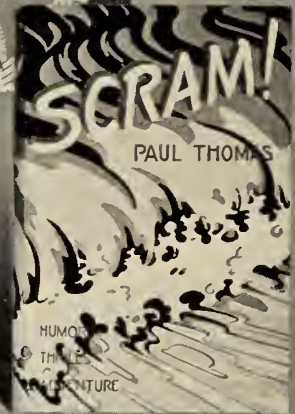




Dorothy Isaacs



Art Seller  
William Jacobson



Rose Shechet

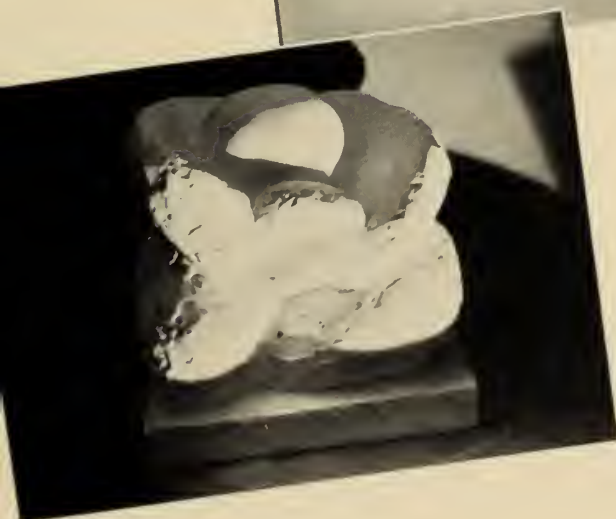
Gould Hulse



ERNEST MANDEVILLE

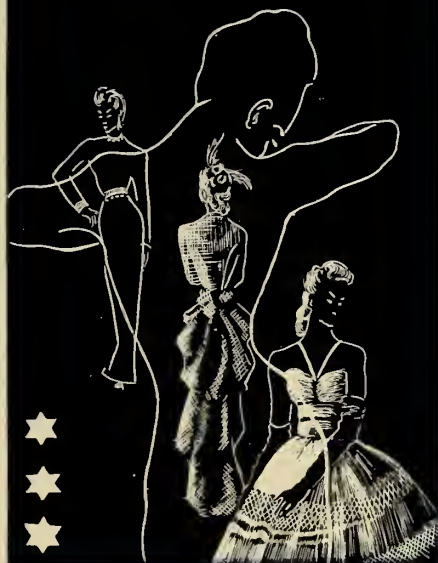
GENERAL DESIGN





WILLIAM JACOBSON  
BRADFORD LANG  
DAVID BERGER





# Costume Design

The Costume Design and Illustration course is one prepared for those of us deeply interested in the fashion world, whether it be the pin-pricking process of making clothes or illustrating them. Ours are years bound up in *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *Women's Wear*; hours spent in the library fascinated by the new books on peasant costume. We've drafted and draped and graded. With drawing as a foundation we have emphasized fashion illustration for newspaper and magazine work. We've sketched from the model and from our "swipe files." We've worked for halftone, line cut, and Ben Day, technique and style. And our instructors have endeavored to develop within us the necessary attributes for successful designers, illustrators.

ELAINE OFENGAND





# COSTUME DESIGN

In nineteen hundred forty-five,  
Provided we are all alive,  
It's definitely planned that we  
Will gather for a super-tea.  
We'll all be garbed in latest style,  
Attired in jersey, silk, or faille.  
Then such a chatter, such a noise,  
As contradicts our look of poise—  
"My cruise line's coming out today—"  
"I costumed the entire play—"  
Part-time jobs, and pots and pans,  
The woes of living out of cans,  
Free-lance ventures, thriving shops  
To counteract our cooking flops!  
So though we scatter far and near,  
We'll meet in that awaited year,  
Recall these days before we part  
From Massachusetts School of Art,  
Renew old friendships, memories—then,  
We'll part with plans to meet again!

PHYLLIS APLEYARD  
JANET THORNDIKE  
DORIS PAYSON

# COSTUME DESIGN



DORIS PAYSON  
ELAINE OFENGAND







JANET THORNDIKE  
ELAINE OFENGAND



ETHEL CHASE  
DORIS PAYSON







# TEACHER TRAINING

Our course prepares us to teach children, with art the means to that end; therefore you find us studying Education, Psychology, and, in our Practise Teaching, *children*, as well as the more strictly craft subjects. New, exciting experiences with form (Force the dark—or the light!), color (Creative Painting), and ideas (Dewey, Pearson, Moholy-Nagy) have stimulated and absorbed us.

While some of us plunged more deeply into one phase than others, one instructive and constructive experience was common to all—the transformation of B-10.

We look upon our handiwork with pride and a measure of awe—here we worked joyfully together, and the result of our industry is a concrete presentation of our pedagogic creed: that art education to be vital must relate to our daily living.

JANE O'REGAN





RUTH DOHERTY  
ELLSWORTH GRANT



FRANK LeBLANC  
PHILIPPE DE ROSIER



# TEACHER TRAINING

**I**N a democracy it is essential that each citizen be able to think for himself, rightly, tolerantly, creatively. The aims of creative art are identical with those of democracy, namely, to develop the whole individual that he may make his contribution to society for the good of all.

To the art teacher is given a great opportunity in the school curriculum to build right concepts of thinking and of acting. In a class where the emphasis is on individual creative expression the child learns to derive satisfaction from his own efforts and to appreciate the efforts of others; he learns to behave acceptably, sharing materials and ideas.

Comprehension of the importance of his contribution, however small, to society is a necessity to a child. He learns in the art class that although he may never become a great painter, or etcher, or sculptor, or wood carver, yet his understanding of what is good in art as it relates to his life, his home, his society, may be of more importance to the community. He gains a constructive viewpoint. He learns to *live* democracy and art, and this experience, like art itself, "enduring stays to us."

JANE O'REGAN



# TEACHER TRAINING



KATHLEEN BURNS





RICHARD SHINE  
PHILIPPE DE ROSIER



BONNIE KING  
PHILIPPE DE ROSIER  
PHYLLIS ROSE BASKIN  
VIVIEN GINGRAS  
PAULINE LANTZ





# Modeling

Keeping pace with the changing aspects of educational requirements and answering the demands of down-to-earth courses, the modeling department has in recent years broadened its scope without adulterating its ideals. A sound understanding of form is the groundwork of all courses, and it's a fastidious student who doesn't end a morning bout without clay in his hair and Greek forms in his soul; but with specialization there enter new elements. Costume Designers drape plasteline gowns on plaster models. General Design students swing mallets and dodge flying chips of mahogany in wood carving, while Teacher Trainers evolve grotesque masks, basis for some future public school students' training. These, with the regular modeling course of busts, figures and reliefs, testify to a well-rounded curriculum.

GOULD HULSE





# MODELING

THERE is a peculiar, elusive satisfaction in creating. There is something in sculpture not to be found in drawing, a means of conveying truth by concentrating its essence into visible form, that makes each one of us a creator, building up shapes that can be walked around and enjoyed.

Whether our modeling department consists of a number, or one lone defender of the faith, the four studios resound with creative energy. Uncle Sam has chosen one of us as his own. (We hope he'll work into a Good Thing by doing low reliefs of top sergeants.)

Behind the senior room screen sitters vary from a charming sophomore to a bored grayhound or a white mouse. For the first time in a number of years we embarked on the awful venture of gelatine casting, another Good Thing, but soul-shattering. We were all stuck up with gelatine like a taffy pull gone wrong, but the results justified the ordeal.

Ceramics has been going on in nearly every corner of the department. Embryonic examples of the potter's art pile high on the shelves of the pottery room waiting to be fed to the newly acquired kiln.

The modeling rooms have kept many busy. And although sculpture is said to be the most exacting, most arduous and least appreciated of all the arts, at least we come near to appreciating through doing.

LOUISE SHATTUCK

## MODELING



ALF BRACONIER  
LOUISE SHATTUCK





# Portfolio

We are young! Young enough to have hope, and faith in ourselves to justify that hope; young enough to love our country and young enough to express that love in our way of life. We are young, lovers of the things that are eternal—truth, beauty, honor, and justice. We are artists, able to express more than any other class of people our emotions and reactions to our surroundings. Then let it be our task to express for all in a world tottering on its foundations a light of hope and courage and faith—faith in ourselves to set that world at last to rights and to bring to it the order and grandeur of great art.

JANET THORNDIKE



## CLASS OF '41

1937—we were freshmen. The world was our oyster which we would-be walruses were intent upon devouring. We tripped over easels, splashed paint, and skirmished with clay pellets. We criticized each other's ideas and efforts with volubility and inclined a little left of center in our political and religious opinions.

September, 1937. We read the funnies religiously—occasionally, the headlines. Some few of us may have searched out these items:

"Italy increases aid to Franco."

"Eden warns Fascist bloc England will rearm."

"Hitler and Duce meet in Munich. Expected to plea for world peace."

1938—and we were sophomores. Slightly chastened, still confident, we returned to prepare further for our emergence into a grateful world. We defended spiritedly the course we had chosen, and deplored the blindness of friends who did not see things our way. We would amaze the realm of art, revolutionize teaching, overwhelm the industries. No longer afraid to cut class, we saw "The Whiteoaks of Jalna," "The Moonlight Sonata," or an occasional exhibition.



September, 1938. We read the papers a little more fully:

"Hitler and Chamberlain confer at Berchtesgaden."

"Duce espouses Hitler's cause."

"Hurricane might avert Florida," says the Weather Bureau. (It did, striking New England instead!)

1939—juniors! We eyed the freshmen benevolently. Our worn smocks discarded, we became dignified. Sophistication was the word. We saw "The Time of Your Life" if we were prosperous; if not, "The Women" and "Rebecca." Graduation became imminent. We began to consider our abilities and inabilities, our fortes and fortitude.

September, 1939. We read more thoughtfully, even suffering momentary uneasiness:

"Poland collapses."

"Soviet demands Baltic bases."

"Bernard Baruch urges United States preparedness."

1940—we are seniors. In all humility we are seniors, and worried. We know that customarily seniors complete their theses and graduate, and inevitably we, too, shall mount the rostrum. The world, four years ago our oyster, now takes on the threatening proportions of a Mars. Of age at last, we realize that we are young. But the boys among us are old enough to be drafted. We who were so confident of a good job and success, are sure only that he who designs a streamlined bomber or a propaganda poster shall be secure. But enough! We are Americans, and in spite of the menacing influences abroad, we are confident that the American way of life will rise above the temporary agitations of transient eras.

JANET THORNDIKE

# IRENE ANDELMAN · PHYLLIS APPLEYARD · · · · ·

Sincere Irene, our priceless "bit of rare completeness," youngest of her class but with the wisdom of a Solomon, conscientiously meeting her own requirements and betraying ineffable good humor with a brilliant smile. Smoky black eyes lost in concentrated thought.



An intimate, gurgling laugh—a Dutch bob—a flash of white teeth. Spark plug of the class—wide-eyed listener to any tale—entertainment supreme. Seemingly indifferent to all forms of exertion. But then, those professional looking problems!



We can't suggest any improvements! Maddening perfection in all things. Pastel sophistication, Michigan importation, and a stickler for detail. Proud possessor of one minute pair of scissors and a skunk jacket. We vote her the best. Oh, what's the use?

Tall, willowy Annabritta, cool and blonde as a Durer engraving, with memories of school days in Sweden. "Modiste extraordinaire," but betraying her femininity, she could paint ceilings and was as capable with a hammer as she was with her brush.

# ETHEL BENSON · ANNABRITTA BRANDT · · · · ·



# ..... ELLA ARMSTRONG · PHYLLIS BASKIN

Tall, dark eyed, and a perfect "36." Last of the famous Pike, Thompson and Armstrong trio. With tongue in cheek and one raised eyebrow, she's a veteran joker. "Shall I look at it with my good eye?" What shall we do without Ella's kit?



Our Colby contribution, industrious Phyllis, amazed us by complementing her palette and Pearson with pie plates and domesticity. We'll remember her best for the garrulity she never exhibited and the noise she never made. Do we smell burning toast?



Wide-eyed naivete and natural charm, trim tailoredness, a warm receptor of our wild notions, quietly coddling her own brilliant ideas, popping out with a well-aimed quip at rare intervals—luscious blue-greens, clever textile designs.

Neat, well dressed and business-like, epitome of poise and graciousness. We look to Bobby to soothe our savage spirits. She takes each task in easy stride, making it seem not so hard after all. But look! We see skiing and dancing and fun!

# ..... GERTRUDE BRAZEL · ROBERTA BRICKETT



# KATHLEEN BURNS · MARION CELESTE · · · · ·

We had a tall and lithe Diana, serenely poised, who shouldered burdensome assignments with grace and good will. Here we found intelligence and forthrightness, understanding and sympathy to soothe our battered souls, as well as meticulous perfection in all things.



And if you saw Bonnie, there also was our "puss in boots," small and trim, with midnight eyes and a cloud of soft, dark hair. Here was fire and flame, with talents inestimable, harnessed to restless energy and driven by devotion to the task.



Mr. Efficiency with an Erasmus-like head—smoothness and surety of handling—a "muriel," they say—host to the curious visiting the South gallery—one of the shining beacons, our ambassador to the court, and last, and least, a struggling, embryonic humor.



Arrgh! (His greeting) A strong, Italianate face, he is the other Gold Dust twin of the singular dance routines. Plugging regularly is his virtue—milk diets. "Why, Chick, that's obvious." Always generous, always willing—Mr. Major's able assistant.

# RICHARD CHASE · ANGELO CHICARELLO · · · ·

# ..... HELENE CHAFFERS · ETHEL CHASE

Then there was "Lee," our French doll from Lewiston. Red and black she wore with more perfection than a scarlet tanager, while in the coquetry of her smile lay the explanation of her popularity. Good-humored imperturbability, and such vivacity!



Our Junior miss, petite and gamin. Display—rice, straws, and all manner of three dimensional equipment. Possessor of all the latest song lyrics, painstakingly translated from Gorsky's shorthand, and the latest excuses for arriving on the dot of 9.15.



"Britannia, Britannia, Britannia." Our college man and contact with the out-school store. Perpetrator of outrageous puns—Flossie's Nemesis, especially with his cartoon books—Ko Ko dances—striking watercolor landscapes—and eternal youth.

Dripping tallow marked Phil's hours, but he spent them well. From his nearby apartment issued radical ideas and dramatic effects of black satin and copper, and witticism. And then he knocked on Opportunity's door and set one foot inside.

# ARTHUR COPPLESTONE · PHILIPPE DE ROSIER

# RUTH DOHERTY · LOUIS DUFAULT ·····

Sweet as old-spice, Ruthie has open house and heart for us. With the generous abandon of a Mozart overture she scatters kind words; gives us her dancing, imaginative literary style; then offers herself with apologies, not knowing we love her.



The brains of the G.D. outfit, general manager of affairs social and business with efficiency plus—pipes, derby hats, and Boothbay—new and original ideas about air-brush and friskets—among those selected for service in July.



There was Vivien with the magnetism of a Lorelei and the smoldering intensity of a July noon. She did things for red that red could never do for any one, and she kept the Psych class on a ginger basis with the sound of her voice. "I mean—."

Sleek coiffure, jet black and shiny, and mandarin fingernails. Encyclopedia of popular songs, and such a songbird! Regales us with tales of her "kids," and will swap stories with any one about her campers. What? You hadda wait for Chase?

# VIVIEN GINGRAS · IRENE GORSKY ·····



# · · WILLIAM FARRINGTON · EDWARD FLATLEY

Complementing Phil's dynamic manner with a pensive reserve, our gentlemanly William of the Waldorf would raise half an eyebrow in a companionable way. Unconfined interests ranged from swivel socks to New Hampshire week-ends and the Book of the Month Club.



General Designer deluxe, a martyr to the cause of industrial design, off-the-record humor, and superb figure drawings—passes time pursuing the noble profession of librarian—a quick thinker and a real artist behind a comic mask.



With a loping gait, he glided about, our elusive, incomprehensible, well-liked Ellsworth. His extracurricular activities were born of a leonine social propensity, but he redeemed his inexplicability with good nature and an arid but irresistible humor.

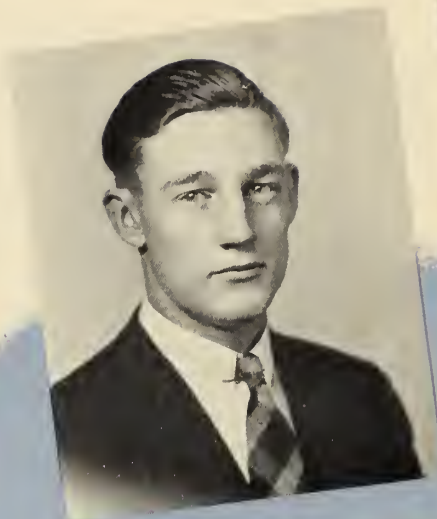
We saw a graceful figure float by in a beautiful ballet costume. "Zat our Grace?" Transformed, our neat, hardworking sister-seamstress is a talented Terpsichorean. She of the curly locks, sweet smile, and imperturbable disposition.

# · · ELLSWORTH GRANT · GRACE GRAUMANN



# JOHN HATCH · VIRGINIA HOWE .....

Our Lincolnesque Indian from the wilds of Saugus, unassuming Johnny has kept up a high level of painting. An inveterate propensity for sprains, and an insatiable hunger for Greek foods. His canvases get the most "whosis this" from undergraduates.



Pixies, bananas, elves, bananas, fairies—rosy cheeked Ginny of the loping gait—a swift line that grasps form with verve and surety—etchings dancing with Puckish humor—delight of the convalescent—two-week problems in one night—cranberry bogs.



First you see a mountainous blue smock, then vitriolic Charlie with Hals and Sargent up his sleeve. He provides a cleansing antidote to smugness and cloud chasing. Consistently good in his portraits and a searching eye for significant detail.



Bonnie, of the sprightly step and the sparkling hair, was an amazing combination of naivete, indisputable intelligence, and unerring good taste. Clan plaids, dogs, smart, smart clothes, and a flair for everything from dancing to drawing. A beamish lass with shining eyes.

# CHARLES KERINS · BONNIE KING .....

# ..... GOULD HULSE · WILLIAM JACOBSON

Long legs gliding easily over the backs of chairs, a line of conversation that would convince the greatest disbeliever, dishevelled hair and a businesslike manner, sleek book illustrations, a never-ending flow of spirited layouts, and "Art."



Picture frames, plastics, plumes, and wood-grain renderings—the budding genius of the G.D.'s industrial design faction—"fish" period acknowledged notably by his masterpieces of wood sculpture—opera, ballet, little Sir Echo.



Sportsman and dapper boy of Senior General Design—cultivator of Golden Bantam and producer of juiciest crop this year—airplanes, bombs, barbed wire fences, and skulls atmospherically rendered in airbrush—boogie-woogie, Glen Miller, and "jalopy."

An air of stability that invited our complete confidence, perhaps because her own nature had no room for inner conflicts. Dreamy eyed, easy going, capable Polly, of the "new penny" hair and the spontaneous chuckle,—our sailor-maid from Gloucester.

# ..... BRADFORD LANG · PAULINE LANTZ

# FRANK LE BLANC · GERTRUDE LINDSAY · . . . .

Along with an intangible nose, an overwhelming generosity and an impish grin, Frank carried about with him a reassuring air of masculinity. From frequent long treks with his gun and his dog came vigorous cold colored canvases, Pearson style.



Long-legged, big brown eyes, and lipstick! The tweed type personified. Trudy's drawings have zip and dash, and don't they look like her! She vibrates between the T.T.'s and our division,—an inveterate customer of the corner druggie.



There was Ralph, of the neat businesslike appearance, considerate manner, and an enviable nonchalance that was not born of indifference. His was the perfect classroom manner, with the unshakable poise of the ringmaster in a three-ring circus.

Sweet Sue,—heart-shaped face and just a wee snub to her nose. Practically a New York commuter, she gives us bright glimpses of the advertising world. Always a new enthusiasm. "And it was the best exhibition—but let's talk Navy."

# RALPH MANN · SUZANNE MORRISSEY · . . . .



# • ALICE MAC DONALD • ERNEST MANDEVILLE

Shades of Shalimar,—our Mac of the quixotic eyebrows and the exotic fingernails. But she could not hide her capability and her sense of humor beneath a rash of costume jewelry, and we discovered the untiring worker beneath the black veils.



Gentleman and boy scout of our division—adherent to the "better late than never" school of thought—elegant industrial design renderings, illustration deluxe—violently studious nights and "bleary" mornings common to all General Designers.



And then there is Neva. Blonde curly hair and a sweet femininity, shades of tall columns and hoop skirts and figure skating. But earnest and hard-working to belie appearances, and our first successful chick in the advertising world.

The sort of hair we yearn for. Mad figures in action. Elaine's drawings are done with a dash born of good draftsmanship and sure knowledge. Knits like Madame La Farge, and you should hear of her transportation troubles.

# • • • NEVA NICKERSON • ELAINE OFENGAND



# VIRGINIA OLSEN · JANE O'REGAN ·····

She delved into the realm of childhood to bring back balloons and organ grinders, hoops and hopscotch, and to fill her work with a bounteous capability and a gay abandon. Perhaps she also found there her complete candor and a wide blue stare.



Jane of the unparalleled and paralyzing puns, dissolved in mirth and cartooning recklessly. She left us aghast at her ability to read everything and remember everything she read; then grinned good naturedly and reached for blinding intellectual levels.



She wants to pilot a plane! Green eyed and fiery. Rapid-fire needle-woman, good designer, and an amazing mixture of sophistication and naivete. Caustic tongued with a twinkle in her eye. We're still wondering — Where's your customer, Lila?

Diminutive Dinty, effervescing details of the latest hockey or football game and dangling miniature feet from the height of a lecture chair. We can see her now, rolling through Needham's quiet streets on her Raleigh, and shifting gears with masterful ease.

# LILA PETERSON · MYRTLE POLLARD ·····

# ..... DORIS PAYSON · ISABEL PECKSON

Small blue-eyed brunette, she's energy personified. Rushing in with, "Such troubles,—the darned car,—lost keys, and more sewing than enough!" She'll whip you up a wardrobe in a week and tackle any committee meeting. A born reformer.



Ash blonde good looks, always accented with gray-green. Poised and serene as a Greek statue. Our most professional draftsman. Huge lunches but, withal, sylph-like slimmess. Rabid disciple of high style illustration. That's our Izzie.



Dark eyed, smooth—sudden flashes of broad knowledge—startling discussions—exponent of Thomas Wolfe. Ernie Hemingway, and the latest developments in the foreign situation. Master of monotypes, true kin of the designer—a bold, courageous painter.

"I have no bones; it's my greatest charm." Tall, southern, blond Put, winding his sinuous way, and keeping the room bright with laughter—smooth—Gilbert and Sullivan—puppets and imitations—and a gift for achieving a likeness.

# ..... VINCENT PORTA · WRIGHT PUTNEY

# DAVID QUINT · MARIS RANSOM · · · · ·

Fogs! Black, wavy hair; alabaster forehead. We are aware of his personality despite a quiet presence. Dave finally completed that anatomy drawing. An easy-going disposition—a stop and go blush—Johnny's friend—pastels and paintings of a quiet charm.



Maris makes us conscious of structure, draftsmanship, techniques. She's friendly and generous with her praise. Our source of authentic costume information, the things at the Student's house, and the weather in Vermont,—and then Ranny's chuckling laugh.



There was Ruth on the end of a 'cello, jaunty and unpredictable. A gazelle walk and eyes that laugh of their own volition. She invariably started the day sedately, but she could be cajoled into spritely gaiety. Yellows, blues, and peasant embroidery.

General Design's number one ad man—scrumptious lettering, professional layouts and design, smooth airbrush half tone to the inevitable tune of the 920 club and Kay Kayser. Favorite sport—eating bologna sandwiches in theatres, and climbing billboards.

# RUTH SEABURG · ARTHUR SELLER · · · · ·



# ..... CONSTANCE ROBBINS · ESTHER SAHL

Now she's there and now she isn't. Plaintive appeals for assistance, and a helpless look of confusion, but we suspect a firm purpose and calm efficiency—Georgie and Chick's special charge—a tactile, rhythmic quality in her work.



Eternal merriment is hers. Bubbling with golden laughter, petite, apple-cheeked Esther, clinging and pert,—an understanding of children and intuitive grasp of the essentials in her colorful paintings and ingenious etchings—dances with the lightness of milkweed down.



From cold lumps of clay "Shattuck" brings forth animals aflame with vigor and life. A terrifying and unquenchable sense of humor. Loves music (Beethoven!), pumpernickel, Barye, mice, casting, Munnings, "A Good Thing!" and Afghans, not the knitted kind!

Sympathetic to all our problems, always fresh with wonderful ideas, nifty industrial design in plastic, book jackets done professionally, and elegant advertising layout, prominent in school affairs, a versatile business woman if there ever was one.

# ..... LOUISE SHATTUCK · ROSE SHECHET



# MARIAN SOSZYNSKA · ALLYN STERNLOF · · · · ·

Snappy figure drawings, specializing in squizzles, green knee sox, infernal baby talk, mannish jackets, poetry, George Grosz, doodling, definitely on the balmy side, this glamour girl of General Design. "Ees good one, no?"



We had Allyn, cut from a pattern of Swing and Symphony, pinned with rhythm, basted with a dominant seventh, and finished with harmony. Sphinx-like sophistry he gave us, in eye-popping tales, oracular predictions, and lachrymose lyrics.



The wind, the rain, and a pine-tree. Peter Pan's modern Wendy in her soft blues, forest green, and walking shoes, had an elfin appeal. Lustrous, vibrant hair, soft-spoken refinement, versatility, and emotionally rhythmic paintings.

Vital, earthy, Bea is Salome to us. Has a talent for characterizing the more humble denizens of society. Dorothy Parker and Kate Greenaway. Singing color glazes and homemade canvases. Stories of the fabulous Cookie and genial Uncle Looie.

# PRISCILLA WEBBER · BEATRICE WEENER · · · · ·

# ..... JANET THORNDIKE · PERCY VAN DYKE

Our Hollywood contact. Off to the movies in a cloud of dust! Thrills us with humorous tales of numerous relatives. Plays the piano surprisingly well—shades of the T. Dorsey contest. Writes fluently. "I can't draw. What am I doing here?"



Parnell, defender of the Irish, athletic, blond, and whiffled, positive ideas on how to paint. Rushes to decorate the store window. Rushes to class. Rushes to hmmm . . . sparkling stories. "My little brother." Water colors of professional standard.



"You'll make a good one, daughter." Slender, loose-jointed, sane Flo. Unflagging industry and, we must admit, production of good ones, despite being smothered in committees. A quiet smile and sincere interest in our attitudes.



Ebony hair in a smooth coronet, and vibrant coloring to match a vivid and fertile imagination working to the surface through layers of conservatism. Socially minded and extremely friendly, Betty had an air of calm deliberation and a ladylike demeanor.

# FLORENCE WHITMORE · ELIZABETH WINSOR

EILEEN ALLEN



MILDRED DAISY



Quietest, gentlest, and least talkative of us all, but she made up for the latter by writing beautifully. Words that never passed her lips flew from her fingers, and we marveled, even as we listened to others read them appraisingly.

Mildred Daisy, our genuine, genial comrade in the studio and among remodeled bookcases, has an affable disposition and contagious laugh to make every situation agreeable and all our attempts at levity sparkling. Her wisdom is flavored with kindness.







## STUDENT ASSOCIATION

RICHARD CHASE—PRESIDENT  
 AMERICO DiFRANZA—VICE-PRESIDENT  
 ROSE SCHECHET—SECRETARY  
 NORMAN PALMSTROM—TREASURER  
 BRADFORD LANG—CHAIRMAN OF FINANCE

LOUIS DUFAULT—SENIOR PRESIDENT  
 WILLIAM GUNN—JUNIOR PRESIDENT  
 ROBERT CANDY—SOPHOMORE PRESIDENT  
 PAUL MADDEN—FRESHMAN PRESIDENT

The Student Association represents an integral factor in student life. Although not entirely a student government, it has many functions of such an organization.

All matters relating to new amendments are voted on and decided by the Council of the Whole, which is the legislative body of this organization, represented by the entire student membership.

All recommendations and policies of the association are carried into effect by the Advisory Board, which is composed of the Student Association officers, four class presidents, and three faculty advisers.

The Student Association endeavors to further the interests of the student body and to make social relationships strong and harmonious, attempting by its varied activities not only to uphold but to elevate the principles and aspirations of the organization.

Only through the constant effort and cooperation of its members can the association progress successfully and assist in keeping this school among the foremost ranking institutions of its kind.

RICHARD CHASE





## JUNIOR CLASS

WILLIAM GUNN—PRESIDENT  
 ANTOINETTA CHIAVARO—VICE-PRESIDENT  
 ELECTRA VLAHOS—SECRETARY  
 JOHN WAY—TREASURER

At last we are juniors; we've knowledge to preach.  
 We know what's to know, and all's within reach.  
 We know our perspective; perspective's the thing.  
 We can draw an ellipse with a trammel or string.  
 We have grasped what's important of history to know  
 About Nofretete and Vincent Van Gogh.  
 We know our anatomy with the greatest of "ease-us,"  
 Of the daring young man with the flexible trapezius.  
 And as for the fine arts, design and the like,  
 We're juniors now, and do everything right.

JOHN FULGONI



# SOPHOMORE CLASS

ROBERT CANDY—PRESIDENT  
MARY JO COOGAN—VICE-PRESIDENT

PRISCILLA GOODWIN—SECRETARY  
VIRGINIA CUMMINGS—TREASURER

"For our brushes they are longer,  
And our charcoal sticks are stronger,  
And our smocks are dirtier than most, than most."

So runs the song of the forty-threes. Indeed, 'tis so true, for we are the "in-betweens" of Massachusetts Art, mingling a full quota of fun and laughter with the everlasting search for the erudition and skill necessary in our chosen field.

We have explored the mysteries of block-printing, ceramics, and architecture, and enlivened our work with skating parties, sleigh rides, and barn dances. This business of art has proved to be a mightier thing than we realized. New industries have sprung up, awakening new opportunities and broader fields. It is a challenge to us to make these horizons of permanent value to American democracy.

MURIEL FIGENBAUM  
LEONARD GOLDBERG







## FRESHMAN CLASS

PAUL MADDEN—PRESIDENT  
WINONA CLOW—VICE-PRESIDENT

PHYLLIS REIHL—SECRETARY  
PAUL BUTTERWORTH—TREASURER

I am green, worn-out, discarded, a veteran of many conflicts, and my stiffness must be excused in the light of my service. I am a smock, and my verdure has diminished with age, even as with my wearers.

I have covered cheviots and challis, and marked the struggles of artistic souls. Every test in tempera brought sighs of doubt and weariness. Ink and charcoal left their signs, but underneath were question marks, "I must, I will! But can I?" Then there were humorous times when great globs of oil paint fell from palettes and unsure brushes, when chunks of clay were stealthily put into my pockets to be sat upon painfully later.

Now the year is over, and I have served my apprenticeship. I bequeath to my freshmen a little wisdom, a bit more skill, and memories of happy, happy moments.

MARIE J. ANTON  
PAUL BUTTERWORTH

# YEARBOOK STAFF

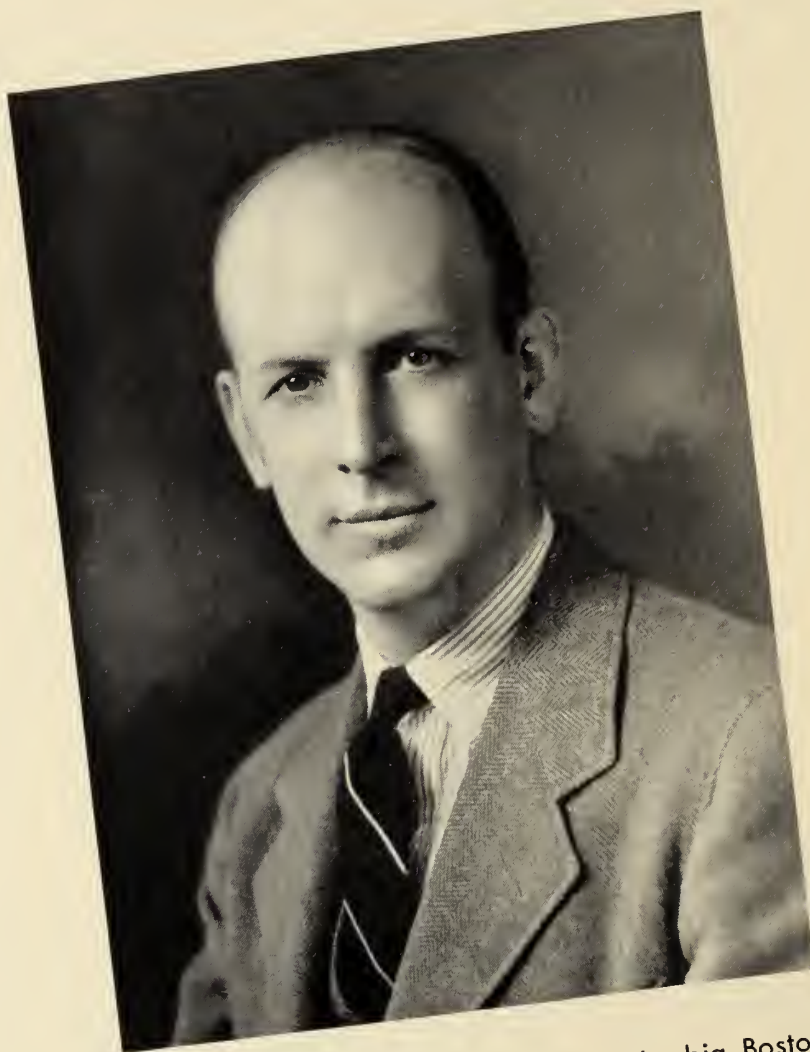
Though our school calendar contains many red letter dates, we feel that one more should now be added—the day when the yearbook came out. To those of us who have coddled, coaxed, and cajoled these pages through the quagmires and pastures of printing limitations, artists' eccentricities, and authors' corrections, this is a day indeed. As Dame Fashion's caprice for a change of clothes drives designers to tantrums, so our search for a fresh format furrowed our brows. If, with the advent of an extra color and the cooperation of an untiring group, this end was achieved, we shall fall back contentedly into our dust-covered swipe files and rest in peace.

GOULD K. HULSE



GOULD HULSE—EDITOR-IN-CHIEF  
FLORENCE WHITMORE—ASST. EDITOR  
KATHLEEN BURNS—LITERARY EDITOR  
ARTHUR SELLER  
ERNEST MANDEVILLE } ART EDITORS  
BRADFORD LANG—BUSINESS MANAGER  
JANET THORNDIKE—SENIOR EDITOR  
GERTRUDE MAXIM—JUNIOR EDITOR  
LEONARD GOLDBERG—SOPHOMORE EDITOR  
MARIE ANTON—FRESHMAN EDITOR





GORDON L. REYNOLDS, PRESIDENT

President Gordon L. Reynolds, with his training from Massachusetts School of Art, from Columbia, Boston University, the University of Montana, and Harvard, and his teaching experience in Stamford, Connecticut, and at Bridgewater, has brought to our school a vision of the possibilities of modern American art education. His practical ideal prepares us for the task of increasing the public consciousness of art as a living experience, whether it be designing one's own kitchen or buying a contemporary painting. He has opened to us a way of responsibility as a constructive, creative force in this country, and of happy living in our own sphere of influence.

MARY EDNA MURRAY, DEAN



Our Dean of the sympathetic ear and more than enough problems to iron out, has a background of education at Radcliffe and Harvard, service as dean at Cambridge High and Latin Schools, Board of College Examiners and Massachusetts Advisory Board; a life of letters and appointments, confused programs, and interrupted lunch hours; and a future of bewildered faces seeking encouragement and direction. We were freshmen together—the Class of '41 and Mary Edna Murray, Dean.

FRANK L. ALLEN



In a smooth, mellow voice he comments on his many business ventures, his family, and Boothbay harbor, advising orange juice and rest for longevity.

Dr. J. MACE ANDRESS



Dr. Andress, of the tasteful color combinations and numberless books, brings psychology with a smile, reports on the progress of his new grandson, then gives us the floor.

ZELLA BUCKINGHAM



Her pleasing, placid manner only half hides an intense enthusiasm for the modern. A reassuring smile, and we produce creative masterpieces in two weeks.

THERON I. CAIN



Courteous, affable, precise, Mr. Cain assists bewildered and overloaded freshmen through the intricacies of Perspective I and Massachusetts Art's swinging daars.

Dr. Fitzgibbon's lectures, "by and large," unfold logically into fascinating information. Calm and inexhaustible, but a firm believer in rest periods.



GEORGE F. FITZGIBBON

A vitality that puts us all to shame, and a radiant good nature are Miss Flint's. We remember pins, papers, riding pants, and plays.



MARTHA M. FLINT

A gentleman of straightforward manner, a never-failing intellect, a bounding gait, a large collection of bones, and a sense of humor.



PATRICK GAVIN

"Color, position, shape," we read, and then gather 'round for tales of a bright career and bits of wisdom to give our paintings sureness and reality.



EDWARD W. D. HAMILTON



ARTHUR CORSINI



Mr. Corsini, friend with a genial smile, tempers criticism of leaden glass with tact and is sure we'll all be good water colorists some day.

CYRUS E. DALLIN



We remember tales of western life and admonitions to make it ga round. And aren't we proud to say that Cyrus Dallin was our teacher!

JEAN ARMAND DARIER



Mrs. Darier, the unassuming, regales us with a fund of amusing anecdotes out of her varied experiences as an opera singer, fashion illustratar, and columnist.

CHARLES A. DUNN, JR.



That quiet personality under a conservative Homberg hat is the source of numerous dynamic, streamlined ideas. He is a fiery defender of modern art.

She is as fine and practical as her ideals. Giving of herself unstintingly, and amazing us with her sense of humor, she has won our enduring affection.

He brings sleight of hond from the doleful dell of magic club to awe us with chalk landscapes punctuated by rhythmic trees and timid bunnies.

Chuckles at our perplexity, marks on the board, and, Presto! a complete perspective course. We love his abrupt laugh and his succinct "Like so!"

A charming vivacity, savoir faire, and a flair for the dramatic are Miss Lennon's. Recollections carry us from effervescing enthusiasm to a Strauss waltz.



RUTH R. HERRING



EDWIN A. HOADLEY



ALBERT S. KENDALL



EMMA P. LENNON



MARTINA MacDONALD



One hand poised for attention, the other on the keyboard—Miss MacDonald launched a new freshmen course. Personality and boundless energy mark her music.

ERNEST L. MAJOR



Regular as Old Faithful, Ernest L. erupts with a roar and, as terrified freshmen scuttle to cover, chuckles and beams benignly on the stalwart who remain.

ELIZABETH P. McDERMOTT



Dispenser of Wordsworth, our friend in hour of desperation, she remains refreshingly calm at all times, generous, and sympathetic.

ELLA MUNSTERBERG



Whether it's a dissertation on the "catacombs of Egypt" or "Fantasia," Miss Munsterberg has limitless enthusiasm and a chuckling antidote for errors.

Soft blues and hand-made things. She is constantly keeping appointments and making announcements—our friend and good sport. And such a raconteuse!



LILLIAN A. PHILLIPS

Careful scrutiny heralding a lusty whack at our wark, and then, in silent dignity, leaving kernels of argument for the bewildered students in his wake.



RAYMOND PORTER

Dependable refuge of frightened freshmen and care-worn upper classmen—Tommy's businesslike, all-around ability as a teacher is a rock to withstand all storms.



FRED J. THOMPSON

Mrs. Whittet, keeper of books, car ticket slips, and aspirin, is the sympathetic, motherly person who smiles benignly at us from across the library desk.



EFFIE B. WHITTET

LEO O'DONNELL



"Il Magnifico" of the interrogative eyebrow and imperturbable manner. His discussions can be devastating as a whiplash and enlightening as an encyclopedia.

NORA O'LEARY



Quietly poised and sincere, Miss O'Leary has complete sympathy for our noisy enthusiasm over a Vogue or a new play, with yet an eye for talent and ambition.

PHILIP O. PALMSTROM



Passessor of the laugh that makes any jakester feel doubly rewarded, "Pap" makes a lettering course an exciting experience and helps us design our living.

OTIS PHILBRICK



His quiet criticisms, pointed by an unexpected dry humor, challenge us to think—and when we do a really Good One we realize that was what he meant all along!

With efficiency and order she quietly guards the "inner sanctum," her work so well planned that we forget to realize her importance.



ISABELLA DAMRELL

Looking up with a vague glance which clears to a smile of recognition, she locates our friends, program cards, teachers—and sends us off content.

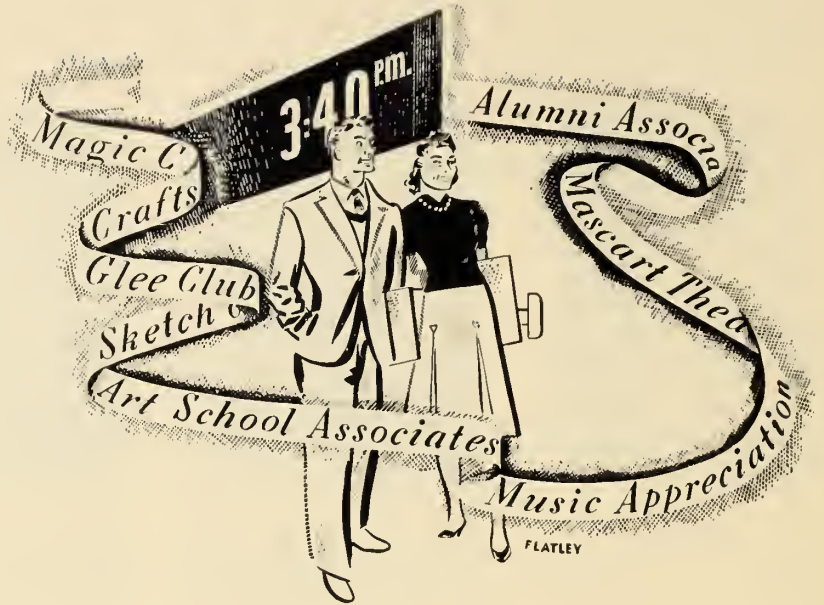


RUTH M. McELROY

Keeper of the Keys, and "two nickels for a dime," Miss Wolahan smilingly abliges with extra lacker keys and excuses our "artistic" absent-mindedness.



MARGARET WOLAHAN



# CLUBS AND ACTIVITIES

In moments free from the feverish intensity of groping for elusive inspiration (whose presence floating airily above our heads did laugh, and laugh, and laugh), we fled as refugees to the sanctuary of clubs and outside activities. Sometimes it was to work again, but only for the joy of it; other times it was to dissolve into languidity before rigor mortis froze us into attitudes of despair.

For the Barrymores and Bernhardtts in our midst, there was a chance to plan future activities of Mascart with exuberant expectation.

For the wouldbe sorcerers and prestidigitators, there was the Magic Club, sworn to secrecy and the dark art of legerdemain from genial Hassan Hoadley. "Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble, fire burn and caldron bubble." However, they managed to keep the white rabbits out of the corridors, and their turbans hidden in their lockers.

And for the more ambitious, there were enchanting chapters to



be written in the book of Craftsmanship with clay, or wood, or leather. Here in the Crafts Club a small group met weekly, matching skill and ingenuity against material with the zeal, if not the fanaticism, of perfectionists. There were field trips, informal lectures and demonstrations by master craftsmen, as well as the White Elephant Sale for the benefit of the Red Cross.

With luxurious indolence "devotees" sprawled about at sessions of the Music Appreciation Club, but their souls were receptive. "Scheherazade" and "Die Walkure" wooed their sensibilities; Strauss lured them from their lassitude, and it was with a start that they remembered their names.

With Mr. Philbrick as their "mitigating mentor," the Sketch Club persuaded inconstant Nature to pose in various moods long enough to capture her in as many styles, painting with ease in the warm weather and later with blue hands and frozen brushes.

The Alumni Association, sponsoring lectures and munificently extending exhibitional opportunities and social contacts to the graduates, was not without its influence, while the Art School Associates, Inc., keeping our interests at heart, provided the best for the least under the guidance of our student staff.

And on Wednesdays we gathered expectantly in the mellow light of the auditorium. We had the State Symphony Orchestra three times, we visited the Grand Canyon in glorious natural color, met the screen reincarnation of Rembrandt, enhanced by the new sound projecting equipment, a gift from the Art School Associates, and listened to James Powers, "Uncle Dudley," discuss a status of world affairs with spellbinding fluency.

RUTH K. DOHERTY



# ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The struggles, fears, and aspirations of those who have made possible this paragon of yearbooks cannot be conveyed by any words written here, but the labor given will always be remembered by those of us whose responsibility this annual has been.

Arthur Seller and Ernest Mandeville, the art editors, together with the literary editor, Kathleen Burns, provided the constant push that made this book a reality. Florence Whitmore, the assistant editor, and Ruth Doherty gathered in loose ends that might still be hanging. Color separation negatives of the students' work were made this year by our own photographers, Arthur Seller and Thomas Doherty, brother of Ruth Doherty. The enlargements from the negatives were made through the courtesy of Mr. Herbert Lang, father of Bradford Lang. Appreciation should go to The Perham Studio, which handled our class and group pictures in a highly satisfactory manner.

Ruth Doherty, Vincent Porta, and Marian Soszynska ably composed the student and faculty writeups, while for the scratch board drawings on the title pages we are indebted to Bradford Lang, Ernest Mandeville, Theodore Giavis, Americo Di Franza, Natalie Burnett, and Edward Flatley. The cover design was done by Gould Hulse.

Though not one of our faculty advisors, Mrs. Herring gave us much of her time and patience, which was greatly appreciated. Miss McDermott not only saved us headaches by spotting numberless potential author's corrections, but also guided our wavering taste in the selection of the literary contributions.

The guidance of Mr. Palmstrom made possible the realization of our wild dreams of a second color and modern layouts. We salute him as our personal *deus ex machina*.

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